



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, POETRY, &c.

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SELECT TALES.

From the Lady's Book.

The Flower Girl.

BY MISS M. MILES.

'Will you buy my flowers?' said a sweet voice to Mrs. Audly, as she stepped from her carriage, and was about entering one of the most fashionable mansions in the most populous of our southern cities. Mrs. Audly stopped, and regarded with an eye of wonder, a child of surpassing beauty—who held forth a bunch of moss roses. She was struck with surprise to see one so fragile and delicate, thus engaged in selling in the public street.

'Do you sell your roses, in order to support yourself, little girl?' she asked in a tone of kindness.

'No, ma'am;' she replied, dropping a courtesy—'but my mother is sick, and I walked from the cross roads, to sell all the roses that was on my own bush; will you buy them, lady?' and her deep blue eyes filled with tears.

Mrs. Audly was much interested by the innocence and artless simplicity of the child; and after a few more inquiries, determined to go herself and see the sick woman, who the child said was a stranger in B—. She was one whose purse was always open to the calls of charity, and taking the little girl into the carriage, she ordered her coachman to drive to the cross roads, about two miles from the city. They stopped before a low, humble-looking house; and the lady entering, saw extended upon the bed, and apparently dying, a female upon whose countenance, wasted as it was, there yet lingered the remains of great beauty. Mrs. Audly spoke to her in tones of compassion, but she only lifted to her the glazed and closing eye. It was evident she was fast sinking to her rest. A decent looking woman came forward, and from her the lady learned that the stranger's name was Lorton; that she had come there sick, and as she was poor, she had boarded her and her child—and until the last three weeks, had regularly received her pay; and as she wanted some comforts,

she had given Inez, the child, leave to sell the roses.—'Mrs. Lorton, I guess, has seen better days,' said the woman, in conclusion, 'but what I shall do with the child when she is gone, I don't know, though she is so good and sweet-tempered.'

Mrs. Audly sent her servant to procure the necessary comforts for the night, and leaving some money with the woman, returned home with the promise of visiting them the next day.

The windows of Mrs. Audly's mansion opened upon a piazza, and she sat alone musing on the past. Time had been, when the voice of childhood sent its thrill through the mother's heart, and the sound of mirth and gladness resounded through her now silent dwelling; but one by one, the bright and beautiful beings who clustered around her hearth and board, had gone down in their innocence to the tomb—only one remained—a son in a distant land. The lady sat in sadness. Her husband entered, and seeing the melancholy that rested on her brow, began relating something amusing that had occurred during the day. She still appeared abstracted, and upon his tenderly inquiring the cause, she related to him the incidents of the morning.—'That child reminds me of my departed ones,' said she, and a tear fell upon the hand her husband held. 'Robert, I know that you seldom deny a request of mine; but still it is an important one I am about making. This poor child, in all her beauty and sweetness, seems as if sent to supply the places of the dead: why may I not adopt her as my own? Our home will not appear so lonely.'

Mr. Audly gladly consented to any thing that could cheer the solitude of his wife, or while her from the melancholy that was undermining her health; and they concerted together to take the little Inez, as soon as Mrs. Lorton was dead.

The next day, when Mrs. Audly arrived at the cottage, she found that Mrs. Lorton had died in the night, without giving any sign of consciousness, or discovering who she was. There was a miniature of her—taken when

young, and set with pearls, very rich, in her trunk—the only vestige of better days. And after the last sad duties were performed, the little Inez returned with her protectress to her new home. Many an hour did her endearing affection render happy, which would otherwise have been filled with sorrowful remembrances, and Mrs. Audly, in watching each day some new charm of mind or person unfold to view, was doubly repaid for her charity to the orphan. The child possessed great sweetness of temper, united to great powers of mind, and the best masters were procured for her by her kind friends. In music, she particularly excelled, and the sound of her sweet voice, pouring out some gay or sad strain, soothed and cheered their hearts, and made life almost seem again bright to them. She was very dear to them both, and few could see the interesting orphan, without loving her. Her life was one of sunshine, though sometimes the thought of her mother, would cause a shade to steal over her sunny face, and cloud her brow. Inez Lorton was fifteen, and had been passing the evening with some young friend. When she returned in the evening, she threw herself into Mrs. Audly's arms and wept bitterly. The memories of her childhood had become dim, and she had always called, and of late years, deemed that lady to be her parent.

'My child! my Inez!' said she, 'what means these tears? What has thus caused you sorrow, my bright one?'

'Oh! I am not your child,' exclaimed the sobbing girl; 'to-night, in the dance, Miss Laurence refused to notice me, because, she said, I was not as good as herself, for I lived on charity.' And a fresh burst of tears followed this explanation.

Mrs. Audly was much shocked, but she gently and kindly related to Inez, all the circumstances of her mother's illness, and her own adoption of her into her family. She told her, that birth and fortune would weigh little with the wise and good, in comparison with the purity and goodness of her child, and in conclusion, added, 'My dear Inez, in

the world's paths, you will have to bear much that is unpleasant; but I have taught you to look above for support and guidance; and think, my love, of Him, who on earth was so despised of men, and learn a lesson of submission. Go on steadily in the path of duty, and convert scorn into respect and love. Bear every trial with patience, and when wounded by the shaft of ill-nature, remember, that to the shelter of the parent wing you can fly for safety and comfort.

Three years had gone by, and the name of Inez Audly was the theme of many a tongue. Very loving and winning was she, as she moved in her beauty through the wreathing dance, and her adopted parents gazed upon her with a look of pride; but dearer, far dearer to their hearts, was she in the quiet of their own home. There was yet some chords in life's harp unbroken, and her smile was the gleam of brightness in their dwelling. And as she cheered their loneliness, or knelt morning and evening for their blessing, they felt the twining tie grow still stronger.

'A party at Rose Laurence's! How delightful,' exclaimed Catharine Morris, as she was walking one evening with Inez. 'Shall you not go, dear?'

'I do not visit Miss Laurence,' replied Inez; and a slight flush passed over her face.

'Well, that is strange—I thought you used to know her once.'

'So I did; but I have not visited her for nearly three years. They say her brother has returned. Have you seen him, Kate?'

'No; but I hear wonders of him. I have taken a strange fancy into my head, that destiny will yet weave a spell, to give both your lives a different shadowing. Fate plays strange tricks sometimes. So bind up your bonny brown hair, and don your best attire; try to win this doughty knight. I really believe I should cry for joy, to see him leading you a gay measure; if it were only to vex his proud sister. For you, whom I deem the very acme of goodness and perfection, I should think even Ernest Laurence might, with all his intellectual gifts, wear the chains of matrimony gracefully.'

Inez interrupted her, 'Catharine, wild as are your day dreams, you are capable of feeling deeply. To you, I always speak openly—I never shall marry. The blush of shame shall never stain the cheek of any one, however I may sacrifice my own peace, to know that the object of his affection was once an obscure *flower girl*—even now, subsisting upon charity.—No! I must wander forth through life's paths, with a sense of loneliness ever pressing upon my heart. Without one kindred tie to bind me to earth. And yet I am not ungrateful; for there are some who love me well.' Then, wiping away the

tear that dimmed her eye, she added more gaily; 'but, Kate, you can try your own sweet powers, and I will surely lead one gay measure at your bridal. I must run home now. So good bye.'

In the height of youth and beauty, Rose Laurence moved with stately step, through the brilliantly lighted apartments of her father's luxurious mansion. But yet there was something of pride in the curl of her lip—of scorn in the glance of her black eye. Many a one was drawn within the magic circle she collected around her; but two stood apart—two whose bearing seemed to say, that their place should have been by the side of one so beautiful. Ernest Laurence, and his friend Audly, were talking over all the scenes of earlier days, and heeded not when those silvery accents fell soft upon the ear.

'But, Audly, I hoped to see your mother here to-night. I was always good friends with her, though I so often led you into hair-breadth escapes—why did she not come?'

The brow of Constant Audly slightly contracted as he answered: 'She visits but seldom; but you know she will give you a warm welcome to the little breakfast room, where she sees all who are dear to her without ceremony.'

'I shall most certainly avail myself of the privilege; but Rose is motioning us to come to her. Does she not look beautiful to-night, my queen-like sister? Come, Constant, you my friend, must wear her colors.'

'Never!' muttered Constant Audly, as he followed his friend.

Inez Audly was bending over a drawing that she was copying for Mrs. Morris, when the door of the small breakfast-room, in which she was seated, suddenly opened. Inez raised her head, and Mrs. Audly approached, leaning upon the arm of a gentleman, whom she introduced as Ernest Laurence—one of Constant's dearest friends. 'My Inez,' said she, as he stood evidently struck with the beauty of the blushing girl; 'will you not receive him as such?'

Inez remembered the words of her friend, and her salutation was tinged with more coldness than was usual to her. He was one who had carried the charm of childhood into his mature years; and foreign travel, temptations, and new associations had not destroyed it; and he now, with his own open winning manner, sat down by Mrs. Audly, and recalled the scenes of his boyhood, with all the freshness of early affection. Constant now came in, and Inez gathering up her drawing materials, retired from the room.

'Who is that beautiful girl?' asked Ernest, of his friend, as soon as she left the room. 'Such a vision of loveliness I have seldom met with.'

'She is my adopted sister, and I claim for

her the respect due, as if she was bound to us by the kindred tie. Inez is no common character, and some day, I will give you her story.'

It was Mrs. Audly's birth-day, and the first for many years that Constant had passed at home. Since the death of her children, she had never opened her doors to the gay world, but now she felt that for his sake, she would sacrifice every selfish feeling, and celebrate it. Inez was too beautiful, she said, to remain buried in obscurity, and there were many who would gladly hail the return of her son to his own home.

Inez sat alone in her room! a rich dress was spread out on the bed, and many an ornament and jewel laid upon her dressing table, and yet she heeded not the passing hours. Her head was bent down; and a deep flush upon her cheek, and a trembling of her slight form, bespoke agitation. Kate Morris entered unperceived, and stealing to her side, threw her arm around her.

'Inez! sweet Inez! why this cloud upon your brow to-night? Tell me, dear, when mirth and revelry reign triumphant, why this tearful eye? this burning cheek? Come, my sweet friend, don your festal robe, and let me weave that chaplet of pale roses in your dark hair.'

'Oh! Kate, I would fly far from this gay scene. My place ought not to be amidst the wealthy and proud who will throng these halls to-night. I wish mamma would excuse my appearing; and again she rested her head upon her hand,

'He heard the gay din from the castle hall,
But was not in mood for the festival.'

exclaimed Catharine, in a lively tone: 'A truce to these sombre fancies;' and half by ridicule, half by caresses, she roused Inez from her despondency. 'There, sweet one,' she exclaimed, as she assisted at her toilet, 'Do I not play tire-woman to perfection. The *tout ensemble* is exquisite; only this pale cheek shames that white wreath.—Come.'

Never had Inez been so touchingly beautiful as on that evening, and none passed by that shrine of loveliness without bestowing the meed of voluntary admiration. Ernest Laurence, since the day of his introduction to her, had ever lingered by her side when they met, as if under the influence of some fascinating spell. Ernest, the gifted, proud Ernest, could not conceal from himself, that the protegee of Mrs. Audly, was the bright star to shed its beam upon his wayward destiny. Yes! Ernest loved—not with the love of man, that is as the meteor's gleam; but with a deep passionate love, that worshipped its idol in the inmost recesses of the devoted heart; but she

'Coldly passed him by.'

'Do you never dance, Miss Audly?' asked Ernest, as he hovered near her.

'To be sure she does,' replied Constant. And meeting her glance—'Nay, my dear Inez, that frown becomes you not. There, Ernest, take her hand and join yon gay circle.'

Inez could not without infringing every rule of *etiquette*, refuse, and an *expose* of her unwillingness to receive even trifling attention from him, her good sense taught her to avoid in so public an assembly, therefore, she suffered him to lead her to the dance.

There was a smile of triumph upon Kate Morris's lip, as they took their places, opposite Rose Laurence, (who, as a child of one that was dear to Mrs. Audly, had been invited to the *fete*.) upon whose beautiful brow a dark cloud lowered. Beautiful and graceful were they, as they stood together in that lordly room. He with his glorious brow, upon which intellect had set its signet; and a light in the raven eye breathing of the noble soul within, now bent in admiration upon the sweet face that was so pensive in its deep loveliness. He was murmuring a few words of thanks for her favor, and

His voice had that low and lute like sound,
Whose echo within the heart is found.

'Is not Inez Audly lovely?' asked Kate Morris, as she and Rose were standing together. 'Methinks, my friend Ernest owns the syren's spell.' Kate spoke playfully, but not without a little maliciousness. She was delighted to mortify her proud companion.

'Listen to me, Kate Morris. I would rather see my brother, proud and gifted as he is, and dearly as I love him, stretched in the last deep sleep, than wedded to yon low born girl. You think of a bonny bridal, but mark me, if you dream of one, I will mar it.' And with these bitter words, she swept away.

Catharine stood as if spell-bound. She would not believe that such fierce passions could reign in the heart of a woman. 'Oh! she cannot hate Inez,' was her involuntary exclamation, as she gazed upon the sweet face of her friend.

'And who does hate one so good and faultless?' asked Mrs. Audly who overheard her. Catharine started, and eagerly detailed the conversation that had passed.

'God shield her!' cried Mrs. Audly, 'from the shaft of wo. 'Tis a bitter hatred Miss Laurence bears. She may yet be humbled.'

The light of a winter sunset was gleaming full upon the crimson curtains of a gorgeously furnished room; and gazing out upon it, with an eye of abstraction, was Inez Audly. The shadows grew deeper, and yet she stirred not. She had dashed the cup of happiness

from her lips. Ernest had that morning breathed in her ear the deep passionate words of love. And even whilst he won from her the confession, that that love was returned, even then did she bid him farewell, for ever. 'I will shame no man,' said she proudly; 'and, Ernest Laurence, least of all, you. Go win for your bride one amongst the gifted and beautiful of your own land, and forget you ever knew one, whose destiny has been so wayward.' And Ernest went from her presence, to roam far from his own home, so painful were its memories.

And months rolled on, and Inez's voice was silent in the song, and her step in the dance. Shade after shade gathered upon her white brow, and the rose-tint on her cheek had long faded away. Day by day, she administered to the comfort of those around her, and whispered in tones of fondness to the kind friends of her youth; but they saw that change was upon that young face.

It was midnight, and alone in her chamber sat Rose Laurence. The moonlight was gleaming full upon her beautiful face, as she lingered, buried in deep thought. Her windows opened upon a piazza, and the soft air of a southern clime, stole gently in. A step startled her, but she was not given to fear, and ere she had time to retreat, the form of Kate Morris, closely muffled, stood before her. Rose started back, in evident amazement at her appearance at such an unwonted hour. Catharine was pale as death. An exclamation of alarm, burst involuntarily from her companion. 'Nay, Rose Laurence, heed me not. My cheek may be pale; but the cheek of one more gentle and good, is paler yet. There is one even now, bowing beneath the blast—one sweet flower, crushed to earth. Come with me, Rose Laurence, to yon chamber,' pointing to a window in Mrs. Audly's dwelling, (which was adjacent) and from which a faint light streamed, 'Come, and see the change your pride has wrought in all that was bright and lovely.'

Unable to resist the impetuosity of Catharine, who had caught up a shawl, and thrown over her, and awed in spite of herself, she mechanically followed her through the garden, that communicated with Mrs. Audly's grounds, and through them to the house. They entered by a side door, and ascending the staircase, Kate opened the door of a chamber, from which proceeded smothered sounds.

Rose Laurence shrunk back appalled at the scene before her. She had been brought up in the midst of luxury and affluence, and had never seen sorrow or sickness, in any of its various forms. Supported in the arms of the nurse, who was vainly trying to soothe

her, was Inez Audly. Her long hair streamed upon the pillow, and her eyes lighted up with a brilliancy, terrifying to the beholder. Her cheeks were flushed to crimson, and her voice, once so musical, was now discordant in its shrillness. The physician was holding her pulse, and Mrs. Audly, worn out with watching, slumbered on a distant sofa. Kate approached the bed, and gently took the place of the nurse. Inez caught a view of Miss Laurence's form, and her wild scream rang for many a week in the ears of the proud girl: then she sung snatches of songs that Ernest had loved, and turning to her, murmured softly:

'It is a beautiful spirit come to watch over me. Did you ever love, lady? love one, whose place was in stately halls, and his proud kindred made you rue it.' Then clasping her pale hands, she would entreat Rose not to tear him from her; and sob, till it seemed that the heart of the stricken one was indeed breaking.

Again the chamber door slowly opened, and another was added to the group around that bed. Ernest Laurence stood, with a countenance on which many a passion was contending for mastery, just shaded by the curtains. The physician grasped his arm, and whispered, 'Stir not—her life is at stake.' Rose was kneeling apart, her face buried in her hands, her humbled and penitent soul going up in prayer.

'The sobs of Inez gradually subsided, and towards morning she fell asleep. Oh! they who have kept the vigil of fear and love by the couch of the dear, can alone tell the mingled sensations of such hours. They stirred not from their places, even to relieve Catharine, upon whose bosom Inez was leaning, lest they should break that sleep. Deeper and deeper it grew, till they held their breath in fear.

The sun was many hours high, when Inez woke from that slumber. The physician held a cordial to her lips, and again she closed her eyes, but a smile was on her face. He held her pulse, and motioning them to take advantage of this slight unconsciousness, said softly, 'She will live!' And one by one, they stole forth to pour out the fullness of their hearts in prayer.

Soft was the song of the summer bird, and the perfume of fragrant flowers, borne on the wings of the wind, stole in at the open window. The rich curls that half shaded Inez's yet pale cheek, moved gently as the light breeze met them. But there was joy in her dark eye, and a smile upon her lip. Ernest's hand smoothed the pillow upon which her head rested, and he bent over her couch, with a look of anxious love. There was gathered round her, all that was rich and rare, to cheer and amuse an invalid. She

smiled as Ernest held up his watch, and whispered fondly, 'You must talk no longer. dearest; here comes Rose.' And that once proud girl held the cooling draught to her lips, and kissed her brow, as she thanked her sweetly. Yes—Rose Laurence, on her beaded knees, besought her forgiveness, and rose not till she gave her promise to be her sister. And in after years, when her own form was bowed with disease, and her reduced fortune made her an inmate of her brother's dwelling, then did she bless the hour, when he had chosen as his bride the once poor *flower girl*. Kate, too, the generous Kate, met her reward in the endearing love and devotion of the noble heart of Constant Andly, to whom she had been many years wedded.

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

The Hunt of the Bison.

THE Indian papers continue to be amusing. The author (Koodah) gives us a very good description of the hunt of the bison, in an article entitled 'The Great Western Jungle.' We quote the following description:

Mansfield had announced, on the previous evening, that it was his intention to seek for bison in the morning; and old Kamah was waiting impatiently to lead the sportsmen into the jungle, whilst the bison were still feeding and afoot. "Well, jaggarder," said Mansfield, now speaking Hindostanee, "can you show us any bison this morning?" The jaggarder drew himself up to his full height, and assumed a lofty air. "Can the shepherd of the plain find the pasture ground of his flock? does that vulture," pointing to a black speck which was seen sailing high above the tree tops—"does that vulture require a guide to lead him to the carcass? Follow me; the prince of the forest knows where to find his herds." "Come, Master Charles," said Mansfield, smiling, as he hastily swallowed a cup of coffee; "shoulder your rifle and march; our swarthy friend is waxing impatient, and if we ruffle the old pagan's temper he will show us no sport to-day. Charles promptly obeyed the summons, and our two sportsman, bringing their rifles to a long trail, followed old Kamah as he stalked into the jungle with rapid strides. Having penetrated some distance into the forest, the savage guide suddenly slackened his pace, and making a sign to his companions to keep silent, glided on in front with the stealthy and noiseless tread of a fox, his ears erect to catch the faintest sound, and his lynx-like eye rolling from side to side, now peering into the dark tangled masses of bamboo, and now roving over the ground in search of a fresh track. 'Now,' whispered Mansfield, 'not another

word as you value the friendship of the jaggarder; step lightly; avoid as much as possible treading on the dry twigs which crackle under foot; and mind you do not attempt to fire at any deer which may cross your path; we can get plenty of them at any time; but the report of a rifle, at present, would be death to our hopes in finding bison." "Hugh!" exclaimed their guide, suddenly stopping short, and kneeling down to examine more carefully some marks, which his experienced eye had detected amongst the dry leaves and withered herbage. To the less delicate organs of the European there was nothing particular to be observed, but the jaggarder had evidently made a discovery of importance. After carefully regarding the signs he had observed for some time he arose, with a broad grin of satisfaction on his swarthy features, and merely uttering the word "koolgie!" (bison,) whilst he held up the fingers of both hands, to denote the number ten, proceeded with a more rapid step, and more confident air, like a hound running breast high on a scent. "It's all right now," whispered Mansfield; "the imp has struck upon a fresh trail, and the devil himself cannot throw him out when once he has fairly settled to it; we may, therefore, reckon with certainty on finding bison at the other end, although it is very uncertain how long we may have to follow it before we come up to them." After following the trail for some miles, at a rapid rate, the jaggarder became sensible, from certain signs which he observed, that the game was not far in advance. He now slackened his pace, and renewing his signal to observe profound silence, began to creep along the bed of a small water-course with great caution and circumspection. "See," whispered Mansfield, as they passed a bank of wet sand, where the trail was distinctly visible, and the water, which still continued to flow into the deeply indented footmarks, had not yet filled them up—"we are close upon them now. Keep your wits about you, my boy, and be ready with your rifle, for the old bull is apt to make a charge, with but scanty warning."

Every faculty of the sagacious savage was now on the full stretch. He crept along with the air of a tiger about to spring on his prey; his rolling eye flashed fire; his wide nostrils were distended to the utmost limits, and even his ears appeared to erect themselves, like those of a wild animal. Presently he started, stopped, and, laying his ear close to the ground, listened attentively, then proceeded with more caution than before, stopping and listening, from time to time, till at length it became evident, from the triumphant beam of satisfaction which lighted up his savage features, that he had fully ascertained the position of the enemy.

He now stood erect, cast a prying glance around, to make himself master of the locality, held up his hand to ascertain the direction of the wind, and having apparently satisfied himself that all was right, motioned to his companions to follow his movements. Having scrambled cautiously out of the water-course he laid himself flat upon the ground, and, separating the tangled brushwood with one hand, began to worm his way through it, with the gliding motion and subtle cunning of a snake. Mansfield and Charles tried to imitate the serpentine motion of their savage guide, as they best could; but they found there less pliant limbs but ill adapted to this mode of progression, and the noise which they occasionally made in forcing their way through a thorny bush, called forth many an angry frown from the jaggarder. Having proceeded in this manner for some hundred yards, they suddenly came upon an opening amongst the bushes; and here a view burst upon the astonished sight of Charles, which made his eyes flash, and sent the blood coursing through his veins like quicksilver. They had gained the edge of a natural clearing in the forest, an open glade about three hundred yards in diameter, clothed with rich green herbage, and shaded by gigantic trees, which surrounded it on all sides, stretching their broad leaf-boughs far into the opening. In the midst of this a herd of fifteen bison were quietly feeding, perfectly unconscious of the near approach of danger. A mighty bull, the father of the herd, stalked about amongst the females, with the lordly step of a three-tailed baslaw in the midst of his seraglio; his ponderous dewlap imparting an air of grave dignity to his appearance, and his sullen eye, glaring from beneath the shadow of his thundery brow, menacing with destruction the hardy foe who dared to intrude upon his woody dominions. But Mansfield had tamed as proud as he, and feared not his glance. A grim smile of satisfaction passed over the harsh features of the jaggarder, as he pointed out the stately herd; then raising himself cautiously from amongst the long grass, he posted himself behind a large tree, which effectually concealed his person, folded his arms across his chest, and leaning against the stem, remained cold, still and motionless as a bronze statue. Every trace of intense excitement which had so lately strung his nerves to the highest pitch had passed away; and he once more assumed the stoical, passionless air of the haughty savage. Pointing again towards the bison, he nodded expressively to his companions, as much as to say, "I have done my duty; there is the game, and now, gentlemen, let me see what you can do." Charles, furious with excitement, pitched forward his rifle, and although his hand shook violently

from anxiety and the exertions he had made in scrambling through the brushwood, was about to pull the trigger at random, when Mansfield seized his arm with the gripe of a blacksmith's vice, and pulled him down amongst the long grass.

"Are you mad?" said he, in a low whisper, "to risk a shot in your present state of excitement? Why, boy, you are panting like a broken-winded post horse, and the barrel of your rifle vibrates like a pendulum: I suppose you fancy it's a drove of Zinganees bullocks we have to deal with; but wait a bit till you have seen the charge of a wounded bison, and I am much mistaken but you'll think twice before you risk another shot with an unsteady hand. Here," continued he pulling Charles behind the stem of a large tree, "get under cover of this, in the first instance; you will find a breastwork somewhat useful before we have done. Now then, sit down till you have recovered breath and, in the mean time, put fresh caps upon your rifle; I have more than once narrowly escaped death from neglecting this precaution. Charles having rested for a few minutes, declared his hand to be as steady as a rock. "Well, then," said Mansfield, rising slowly on one knee, and peeping from the large knotty stem which sheltered them, "we shall put your steadiness to the test. Take that cow next you, and mind you aim for the heart, just behind the bend of the elbow; hit her there, and she is your own: go six inches to the right or left, and you must stand by to receive a charge, for charge she will, and the charge of a wounded bison, let me tell you, is no child's play." Charles, now perfectly cool, raised his rifle, took a deliberate aim at the nearest bison, and fired. The enormous brute dropped heavily to the ground and uttering one deep groan expired without a struggle: the ball had passed through her heart. In the excitement of the moment, Charles was about to raise a shout of triumph when Mansfield checked him, and pointing to the jaggarder, who had already laid himself flat among the long grass, made signs to him to follow his example. The herd, startled by the report of the rifle, suddenly raised their heads with a loud snort, gazed around them wildly, as if to ascertain from whence it proceeded, and trotting up to their fallen companion, began to snuff at the warm blood. The smell of this excited them to a state of frenzy. They galloped round the open space in wild confusion, kicking their heels in the air, going at each other with blind fury, and bellowing fearfully, in that deep, tremulous tone, so expressive of mingled rage and fear. Then suddenly rallying they slowly approached in a body, to the object of their dread, again snuffed at the blood and again bellowed, gored and scamp-

pered with more violence than ever. This wild scene lasted for some minutes, and Mansfield was beginning to fear that in the course of their evolutions the maddened brutes might happen to stumble on their place of concealment, when, as if seized with a sudden panic, the whole herd stopped, wheeled round, and uttering one tremendous roar, dashed into the thickest part of the jungle, crushing through the dry bamboos with the noise and resistless fury of a passing whirlwind. The old bull alone stood his ground, lashing his sides with his tail, tearing up the earth, and bellowing with a voice of thunder, that made the woods re-echo for miles. "Our friend is very pugnaciously inclined," remarked Mansfield, indulging in a low chuckle, as he slowly raised his rifle and brought the sight to bear upon the broad forehead of the bull, "we must see if a gentle hint from *Clincher* will not bring him to reason." The report of the rifle was followed by a crash as if the ball had struck a plate of iron, and the bull dropped upon his knees with a surly growl. The jaggarder uttering a wild yell brandished his knife, and bounded forward to despatch him, whilst Mansfield, stepping from behind the shelter of the tree, cheered on the eager savage with a hearty shout. But their triumph was premature; the ball had flattened against the massive skull of the animal, and merely stunned him, without inflicting any serious injury. He had regained his legs before the jaggarder could reach him; and now, perfectly mad with rage and pain, rushed with fury upon old Kamah. Quick as thought the active savage darted behind the nearest tree, and scrambled into the branches with the agility of a monkey. The bull, disappointed of his intended turn with redoubled fury upon Mansfield. The hardy hunter, well accustomed to such scenes, and confident of his own coolness and presence of mind, stood by the tree motionless as a statue, his eagle eye steadily fixed upon his mad antagonist, and his rifle on full cock, ready to act as occasion might require: but the weapon was not raised; he had but one barrel remaining, and was determined to reserve it till it could be discharged with deadly effect. On came the bull at headlong speed—his tail on end, his bloodshot eye rolling in the frenzy of madness, his tongue lolling far out of his mouth and the white foam flying in spray from his distended jaws. Mansfield awaited the charge with perfect coolness till the furious brute was within a few yards of him, when stepping behind the shelter of a tree, he allowed the bull to pass his headlong career and as he did so, discharged the remaining barrel of his rifle into his shoulder. The wounded monster uttered a surly growl, staggered forward a few hundred yards, stumbled and fell heavily.

Charles, who had been watching Mansfield's movements with breathless anxiety, sprang from behind the tree and leveled his rifle—Mansfield struck down the barrel before he had time to discharge it. "Gently, boy, gently," cried he; "wait till he is steady; the brute is tumbling about like a wounded grampus and it is a hundred to one against hitting him in the right place—recollect, this is our last shot, and must not be thrown away rashly." As he said this, the wounded bull regained his legs. "Now, then, my boy, be cool; stick close to the tree, and reserve your fire till I tell you." Mustering his whole remaining strength, the frantic brute fixed his glaring eyes upon the hunters, and lowering his head dashed at them with determined fury. But his shoulder was stiff; the life blood was ebbing fast, and his sight was bewildered. He stumbled over the trunk of a fallen tree—his wounded shoulder failed him—and he rolled over at their feet, making the earth tremble under his enormous weight. "Now, then," shouted Mansfield, "at him, before he can recover his legs. One shot behind the horns, and we have him." A peal of fiendish laughter followed the report of Charles' rifle, and the next instant old Kamah was seen clinging to the prostrate body of the bull, and clutching the hilt of a long hunting knife, which was buried in his heart. "He was a gallant brute," said Mansfield, dropping the butt-end of his rifle to the ground, and wiping the big drops of perspiration from his forehead.

MISCELLANY.

For the Rural Repository.

American Literature.

EDUCATION, the great parent of literature, is now rapidly spreading throughout the world. It is no longer confined to the cloistered cell of the Monk, or the dark recluse of the Druid; but its multifarious fountains are oozing in every direction, from the hill-side of civilized life, and of their sweet and light-imparting waters, every one, in a greater or less degree, can now partake.

The present system of instruction, in this country, having for its motto *Universal, mental and moral culture*, is indeed a noble one—the most noble ever adopted by man. How grand when compared with that of the ancients, which consisted almost wholly of a *physical* nature—unless we call a reverence for imaginary gods *moral*—while the mind was suffered to remain in the deepest night of ignorance. None but the philosophers, and priests, and wise men, could then feel the benignant charm of science on their benighted souls. But how different the condition of mankind where learning exists as at the present day! Intellectual culture has taken the

place of physical, and a reverence for one true God that of many false ones; while a thirst for knowledge, never before equaled, is diffusing itself throughout the scientific world. I would here refer in particular to our own youthful land. Never was there a nation, since the star of science first rose on Egypt, where a greater desire for information was created, or which could boast of more advantages for obtaining it, than we possess. Here the portals of learning are thrown open to all. Every one who has the least economy, or one spark of perseverance, may enter the temple of Minerva, and twine around his brow a chaplet of literary flowers.

But the question is often asked whether the prevailing thirst for and general spread of knowledge, may not be detrimental to the promulgation of sound literature? To carefully examine and answer this interrogation, is the principal object of this disquisition.

It has been stated, by some, and, if I mistake not, Madam de Stael is a pioneer among the number, that where the fountain of knowledge is unsealed to all, the current of thought, increasing in width, becomes more shallow;—as though the stream of ideas—to carry out the figure—is just so large, and whether it runs through one, ten or a thousand minds, its waters are no more or less in quantity. But allowing this to be true with the majority of mankind—granting that their ocean of thought is not so deep as where knowledge is confined to a gifted few; that they paddle in the fame-destroying rills of borrowed ideas, and wade through the bog-mire of servile imitation—yet there are always a few literary leviathans, who swim in the fathomless sea of their own conception; and these are the ones, however small their number, that give tone to a nation's literature.

Again the universal spread of knowledge, gives birth to a swarm of insectile scribblers. The showers that nourish and invigorate the flower cause the weed also to grow; the rays of the sun that vegetate the plant and the fruit-tree, make the thorn and the bramble put forth—pedants and literary pigmies will always accompany genius and real merit; and the warmer and more diffuse the beams of science are, the more there will be of both.

We want, as one of our reviews has justly observed, more independence in our literary characters. I confess we have too many mushroom bards, and novelists who are mere copiers of foreign writers—followers of Byron and Bulwer, especially the former. We have in fact too many would-be-poets of any kind—versemongers, who, if they can pen a sonnet to some terrestrial angel—wingless, of course, and having the 'form of,' perhaps sympathy with, 'breathing flesh'—they im-

agine themselves worthy of a seat among the fair daughters of Parnassus. Every poetic feather they pluck from the half-fledged wings of their inflated fancy, must be wafted through the sky of transient existence to public view on the Icarian pennons of some half-penny magazine. But the literature of America does not depend upon the bantling productions of these ignoramuses. No!

'There are far loftier themes than theirs
And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with poetry's
Purer and holier fires;'

and when the modern Hercules, Time, shall have swept the fountain of Lethe through the Augean stables of American literature, and shall have cleansed them of those illegitimate offspring of the fancied sons of greatness; then will shine forth those splendid productions of real genius—the works of the 'master spirits' of our infant land.

As the thirst for knowledge increases, new systems of education are struck out or old ones improved, and the advantages for learning become more numerous. The path of science is now divested of many of its former, fearful obstructions. Mountains of difficulty are yearly giving way before the powerful surges of improvement. Art is continually plying her mighty engines, to quench the fire of partiality for ancient and should-be-dispensed-with modes of instruction; while invention is daily increasing the velocity of the car of mental cultivation, and devising means for the melioration of the mind of all.

Genius is no longer, comparatively speaking, cramped by the stern hand of parental power or pedagogue tyranny; but is left to guide its own bark o'er the billowy waves of intellectual being. It is now discovered that the youth who was created to dwell with the Aonian maids, need not now waste the honey-suckle of life, the daisied springtime of his literary career, in the dark labyrinth of mathematics; the arid region of the dead languages, or the Sahara desert of metaphysics; but he may range unrestrained through his ideal scenes of pleasure, the Elysian erections of his fancy.

The prevailing desire for information is causing new institutions to be raised for the especial education of youth in those branches only for which they have a taste. Thus they may give full sway to their inclination, exerting their power of intellect on whatever it is bent; and thus will science and literature and the fine arts be promoted.

Furthermore, while the eagerness for knowledge multiplies the privileges for obtaining it, and the community becomes more intelligent, the true sons of greatness, are more animated and tax their mental faculties to a greater degree in order to keep in advance of the general mass of mankind, and especially the scientific superficialist.

No mind of a superior order need now, as in former times, suffer for want of cultivation. Every intellect can try its strength. The light of science beaming on all, allows no buds of real genius to wither for want of cultivation.

A new era has indeed dawned on our literature; and that it will ere long vie with that of the most advanced nations of Europe, requires not the ken of a seer to discover. The desire for it, and the advancement of it plainly show that the idea is not a mere vision of fancy, but is founded on the most reasonable hypothesis. Does any one doubt its progress—let him examine the records of our past history; let him turn back to its very commencement; to the time when the pilgrim fathers first landed on these then uncivilized shores, and trace its course from the Mathers, the Wolcotts, the Wigglesworths, and the Colmans of the *seventeenth* century, down to the Bryants, the Hallecks, the Willises, and the Percivals of the *nineteenth*, and see if its march be not onward. To deny this is the very consummation of folly. Its progress is rapid, and why should it not be? Our sons of song, at least, have every thing to inspire them. We need not go to England for winding vales and flowery meads; to Scotland for romantic gleus and healthy braes; to France for purling rills and vine clad fields; to Switzerland for lofty hills and mounts sublime, or to Italy for lovely groves and sunny plains:—all these we have in our own poetic land. The breezes of heaven here sigh as sweetly—our woodland choir sing as melodiously as any where else; and as beautiful flowers may be plucked from the emerald banks of our own music-breathing streams, as ever bloomed on the classic marge of the Ilissus.

But our poetry is not alone in its bright prospects. Other departments of literature are equally advanced. Irving, and Cooper, and Paulding and a host of others, are as conspicuous in their sphere as our most resplendent bards, in theirs. The encouragement given to all is increasing. The public eye is turned upon our literary characters, with pride and exultation; while other nations behold, with astonishment and an enviable glance, our rising glory; and as they view one meteor after another shooting from our literary hemisphere, while others of still more dazzling luster, are continually appearing, transcending and in some degree bedimming the splendor of former ones, well may they exclaim,

'The star of genius westward moves.'

Dracut, Ms.

J. C.

FALSEHOOD is often rocked by truth, but she soon outgrows her cradle, and discards her nurse.

From the Desk of Poor Robert the Scribe.

Good Sense.

If your children you'd command,
Parents keep a steady hand.

Our parson used to say, 'Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.' And therefore every little fellow of us—rag, tag and bobtail—used to be obliged to say our catechism every Saturday afternoon. And methinks I can trace the influence of these serious lessons in the conduct and opinion of every man who was brought up under the venerable pastor.

The government as well as the education of children is a matter of most momentous concern.

Mrs. Hasty is as good dispositioned a woman as you find in one hundred, but she don't keep a 'steady hand,' with her children. 'Tommy,' said she, 'let that case alone.' Tommy turned, whistled, for half a minute, went to work at the clock again. 'Tommy,' said she angrily, 'if you don't let that clock alone, I certainly will whip you. I never did see such a boy?' Said his mother, 'he don't mind a word I say.' She continued her knitting, while Tom continued at the clock case till over it tumbled and dashed the clock in pieces. The mother up with the tongs and knocked poor Tom sprawling among the ruins. Tom roared like bedlam, and the kind woman took him in her lap—was sorry she had hurt him, but then he should learn to mind his mother—and giving him a piece of cake to stop his crying, picked up the ruins of the clock. What was the consequence? why, Tom, who with a 'steady' hand to govern him, would have become a man of worth, turned out a hasty ill-natured villain.

My neighbor Softly, good woman, don't whip her poor dear children, however bad they conduct, for they cry so loud and so long, she is afraid that they will go into fits. Yet she keeps a rod hanging up over the mantel piece, threatening them every hour in the day.

Old Captain Testy swore his children should be well governed. So he laid by a good hickory, and for every offence thrashed his children till they were beaten into hardihood and shamelessness. When they appeared on the theatre of life they were only fit for robbery and the whipping post.

How different was the government of my old friend Aimwell and his wife! If one corrected a child, the other never interfered.—When the first ray of knowledge began to dawn on their infant minds they commenced a steady course of proceeding.

They never directed what was improper to be done, or misunderstood; but so long as the child resisted through temper they continued to persist until that temper yielded. A second whipping was rarely necessary. A steady hand, a mild but firm manner of issu-

ing their commands—were always sure to produce obedience. It was an invariable rule with them, never to correct a child when they were in a passion, never to promise the minutest thing without performing; and yet their children loved them most tenderly—wanted and played their little gambols about them with the utmost freedom. If it was convenient they came to the table—if not, without a murmur they waited. They grew up patterns of filial obedience and affection, and added to society the most correct, useful and respectful members.

Listen to old Robert; Never strike a child while you are in anger. Never interfere with your husband or wife in the correction of a child in its presence. The parents must be united or there is an end to government. Never make light promises to children of rewards or punishments; but scrupulously fulfil what you promise. Begin early with your children—if the temper be high, break it while young—it may cost you and them a pang but will save you both fifty afterwards—and then in your government use the rod sparingly. It is better and easier to command from their love and respect, than by fear. Keep these rules and my word for it, your children will be a happiness to you while young, and an honor to you when they grow up.

A Tale that is True.

A SHORT time since I was invited by a friend to accompany him to ——— Hospital, to witness the operation that was to be performed that day. I consented—not that I wished to look upon the suffering man, but rather that I might have an opportunity of seeing how operations were conducted in these dwellings of the afflicted. I seated myself by the side of my friend, while my eye wandered about the room, resting on knives, saws and other instruments which lay on the table before me, painting to my imagination the scenes of anguish which those walls had witnessed, and exciting in my heart pity for those poor sufferers who were from day to day extended on that sheeted table. As I was meditating on the 'many ills which flesh is heir to,' the door opened, and upon a board was brought in a man exhausted with disease and worn out with pain. He was laid upon the table, and the instruments of amputation readily prepared. The bloodless face and the trembling form told us that the sufferer was conscious of his situation, and dreaded the pain he was about to endure. Perhaps, thought I, as I looked upon the mortified and deadened limb, perhaps that man is a father who has a wife and children to mourn over his misfortunes, and friends to minister to his wants—but none are here—he is to bear his pains alone. The saw soon followed the

knife, and soon the limb was taken off. As the surgeon was taking up the arteries, curiosity led me to inquire the cause of the disease, and my feelings were indescribable when I was told—'whilst in a state of intoxication, for want of a better shelter, he slept in a barn and froze his feet!' I was faint and sick with the sight, and rose to leave the room.—The hand of my friend held me by the shoulder while he asked if I did not intend to see the whole operation? 'Is it not already done?' I inquired. 'No, the other is to be taken off.' I hastened from the spot, again to be in the open air, and relieve my ear and heart from the cries of the unfortunate man.

If I have listened unmoved to temperance lectures and temperance addresses, the eloquence of that place converted me.

But the man who provided him with rum!—I would that he were there—and if the groans of that suffering man could not reform him, 'neither would he be persuaded though one rose from the dead.'—*Olive Branch.*

AN ACTIVE CAREER.—An active career is not a path of roses. The moment you attempt distinction, you will be abused, calumniated, reviled. You will be shocked at the wrath you excite, and sigh for your old obscurity. But in return for individual enemies what a noble recompense to have made the public itself your friend; perhaps even posterity your familiar.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

L. V. East Bloomfield, N. Y. \$1.00; P. P. Crownpoint, N. Y. \$1.00; G. W. T. Kelloggville, N. Y. \$2.00; P. H. Nelson, N. Y. \$1.00; S. C. B. Hitchcockville Ct. \$1.00; J. F. W. & I. W. Albany, N. Y. \$15.75; L. S. North Blenheim, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Whitney's Valley, N. Y. \$2.00; F. V. W. Bath, N. H. \$1.00; E. A. Center Cambridge, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. De Ruyter, N. Y. \$3.00; G. P. W. Montpelier, Vt. \$15.00; P. M. Watertown, N. Y. \$2.00; A. G. H. Scottsville, Ala. \$2.00; P. M. Eastman, North Haverhill, N. H. \$1.00.

DIED,

In this city, on the 12th inst. Susan, daughter of Mr. James P. Nash, in the 18th year of her age.

On the 19th inst. Catharine M. daughter of Augustus and Mary Ann Prime, aged 10 months.

On Thursday the 19th inst. Caroline Lewis, infant daughter of Charles and Rachel Paul, aged 11 months.

On Sunday the 22d inst. after a protracted illness, Mr. Frederick Jenkins, in the 67th year of his age.

On the 15th inst. Lydia E. Bunker, in the 77th year of her age.

On the 19th inst. David E. Sprague, in the 20th year of his age.

On the 6th inst. of a most distressing illness, Miss Amelia A. daughter of Jarvis Webster, Esq. of Philadelphia.

At Kinderhook, on the 13th inst. at 4 o'clock, P. M. Francis Augustus, aged 10 months and 19 days, and in this city, on the following morning, at 2 o'clock, A. M. George Whitfield, aged 2 years 4 months and 14 days, children of Dr. George W. and Elizabeth Cook, of this city.

The death of these lovely children was attended with peculiarly afflicting circumstances, to the parents. The mother, with her youngest child, left home at the beginning of the week, on a visit to Kinderhook, and left the other at home. Both children were taken violently sick about the same time. A messenger was dispatched by the father after the mother, who met a messenger sent by the mother at Kinderhook, after the father, each communicating to the other distressing intelligence. The afflicted mother could not leave her infant while life remained, but immediately after its death, hastened home, and arrived just in time to witness the dying agonies of the other.

At Philadelphia, on the 14th inst. Phoebe I. Meritt, of New-York, relict of the late John Meritt, in the 73d year of her age, and for 50 years an approved Minister of the Society of Friends. The northern and western papers will please copy the above.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

The Stranger's Grave.

Among the mountains far away,
There is a lonely spot,
Encompassed by the sheltering woods,
By all mankind forgot.

Beside a little sparkling brook,
There is a simple grave,
Where side by side the violet,
The rose and blue grass wave.

It was her favorite retreat,
And there she wished to lie;
For long before her mournful death
She knew that she must die.

'Twas there beside the mountain gray,
A cottar and his wife
Lived with their son—their only child—
The pleasure of their life.

They lived alone there many years,
Unknown to wealth or fame,
In happiness and sweet content—
To them the stranger came.

She came to them one Winter's night,
But none knew whence she came:
For though she rested many months,
She never told her name.

She died;—they buried her beside
The little gushing rill;
She wished them to, before she died,
And they obeyed her will.

No sculptured marble marks the spot—
No weeping willows wave;
No prayer is said—no tear is dropped
Above the Stranger's Grave.

HARRIETTA.

For the Rural Repository.

Parva Veris.

* * * * * The birds on bushes sing;
And nature has accomplished all the Spring.

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

THE Spirit of Spring! It flies on the blast,
It brings sweet perfume in every breath;
And over proud nature, has every where cast
Its beauties, revived from the cold arms of Death.

The Spirit of Spring! It thunders along,
On the fast flowing stream, and rivulet clear,
And anon is heard its merry, blithe song,
Re-echoing over the hill from afar.

The Spirit of Spring! It lies in each flower,
It reposes aloft in the blossoming tree,
And merrily spends each fast fleeting hour,
In carousing alone in wanton glee.

HART OF THE WEST.

The Six Birth-Day.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

I THINK this morning of a feeble babe,
To whom the gift of life did seem a toil
It shrank to bear.—And I remember well
The care that nurtured her, both night and day,
When it would seem as if the fainting breath
Must leave her bosom, and her fair blue eye
Sank 'neath its lids, like some crushed violet.

Six winters came, and now that self-same babe
Wins with her needle the appointed length
Of her light task, and learns with patient zeal
The daily lesson, tracing on her map
All climes and regions of the peopled earth.
With tiny hand she guides the writer's quill,
Graving those lines through which the soul doth
speak,

And pours in timid tones her hymn at eve.

She, from the pictured page, doth scan the tribes
That revel in the air, or cleave the flood,
Or roam the wild, delighting much to know
Their various natures, and their habits all,
From the huge elephant, to the small fly
That liveth but a day, yet in that day
Is happy, and outspreads a shining wing,
Exulting in the mighty Maker's care.

She weeps that men should barb the monarch
whale

In his wild ocean-home, and wound the dove,
And to the slaughter lead the trusting lamb,
And snare the pigeon hasting to its nest
To feed its young, and hunt the flying deer,
And find a pleasure in the pain he gives.

She tells the sweetly modulated tale
To her young brother, and devoutly cheers
At early morning, seated on his knee,
Her hoary grandsire from the Book of God,
Who meekly happy in fourscore years,
Heeds not the dimness gathering o'er his sight,
But with a saintly kindness bears him down
To drink from her young lip the lore he loves.

Fond, gentle child, who like a flower that hastes
To burst its sheath, hath come so quickly forth,
A sweet companion, walking by my side.—
In tender love, lift thy young heart to God.—
That whatsoever doth please him in thy life
He may perfect, and by his Spirit's power
Remove each germ of evil, that thy soul,
When this brief discipline of time is o'er,
May rise to praise him with an angel's song.

From the Louisville Journal.

To the Evening Star.

HAIL lovely star! Thou glitterest now
Through the calm shades of even—
The brightest orb that ever glowed
Within the depths of heaven.
But say, bright Star, within thy sphere
Does grief ne'er dim the eye?
Do whirlwinds never o'er thee sweep,
Nor clouds obscure thy sky?

Within thy realms does blight ne'er fall
Upon the opening leaf?
Fade not thy flowers like those of earth,
As beautiful and brief?
Does the dark cypress never wave
Within thy high domains?
Hast thou no tombs? Oh say! has death
Ne'er wandered o'er thy plains?

Have the bright beings of thy sphere
Ne'er slept in love's sweet bowers,
Then waked to see the serpent coiled
Around their brightest flowers?
Have all the hopes in childhood nursed
Ne'er died with childhood's years,
And left the fount of feeling dry?
Or filled with blood and tears?

Hast thou ne'er seen the passions dire
O'er thy bright realms bear away?

Has Rapine never stalked abroad,
Nor Murder prowled for prey?
Hast thou ne'er known Revenge and Hate
Pant for the feast of blood,
Nor seen the lurid clouds of war
Brood o'er life's troubled flood?

Thou speakest not—but thy soft flame
Floats down the depths of air
So beautiful, I cannot dream
That broken hearts are there!
No—I will deem thee still a spot
Of Joy and Love and Light,
Where Sin and Sorrow visit not—
Isle of the Blest!—Good night!

HARRIET.

From Mary Howitt's Christmas Library.

Buttercups and Daisies.

BUTTERCUPS and daisies—

Oh, the pretty flowers!
Coming ere the spring-time,
To tell of sunny hours.

While the trees are leafless,
While the fields are bare,
Buttercups and daisies

Spring up here and there.

Ere the snow-drop peepeth,

Ere the crocus bold,

Ere the early primrose

Opens its paly gold,

Somewhere on a sunny bank

Buttercups are bright;

Somewhere among the frozen grass

Peeps the daisy white.

Little hardy flowers,

Like to children poor

Playing in their sturdy health

By their mother's door:

Purple with the north wind,

Yet alert and bold;

Fearing not and caring not,

Though they be a-cold.

What to them is weather!

What are stormy showers!

Buttercups and daisies

Are these human flowers!

He who gave them hardship

And a life of care,

Gave them likewise hardy strength,

And patient hearts to bear.

Welcome, yellow buttercups,

Welcome, daisies white,

Ye are in my spirit

Visioned, a delight!

Coming ere the spring time,

Of sunny hours to tell—

Speaking to our hearts of HLM

Who doeth all things well.

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